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For thee, the veil of the temple is rent
And the holy of holies laid bare. . .
Hath mystery thy being spent
With tragic muteness eloquent;
Or with the horror living there
 Is thy dead spirit blent?

Whate'er contains now thy vision's scope,
Howe'er it be, thou canst not be mad
At shadows dread for which we grope,
And at thy heart together did fade
The pleasure that doth make us sad
 And the pain that makes us hope.

26-8-1907

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 108.